

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements &c

VOLUME XXXVIII.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1881.

NUMBER 17.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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PHYSICIANS.

T. H. ARMSTRONG, M.D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office: over Page & Custer's drug store.
164, 75r.

DR. B. DENNIE,
Physician and Surgeon,
REASDALE, OHIO.
Office in the Armstrong property.
ap20, 75r.

DR. J. W. WAY,
Physician and Surgeon,
S.M. COVE, Washington, D.C., Monroe
County, Ohio.
All calls promptly attended to, during the
day or night.

DR. A. H. COVERT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Antioch, Monroe Co., Ohio.
may11, 75r.

DR. S. L. STEWARD,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILTONSBURG, OHIO.
All calls promptly attended during the day
or night. Office one door south of Store's
Hotel.
ap21, 75r.

I. P. FARQUHAR, M.D.,
(Formerly of Xenia, Ohio).
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in the Walton property,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Having located at the above place, offers his
Professional services, where he hopes by
close attention to business to merit public
confidence and patronage.
Chronic Diseases will receive special
attention.
may4, 75r.

WILLIAM H. COOKE,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office over Ketterer & Hoffman's store, N.W.
corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, 74r.

HOLLISTER & HOLLISTER,
Attorneys at Law,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Will practice in Monroe and adjoining coun-
ties. Office in Ketterer & Hoffman's store.
Nov. 11, 74r.

DAVID ORBY,
Attorney at Law,
Woodfield, Ohio.
Will practice in the County of Monroe and
adjoining counties. Office over Ketterer &
Hoffman's store.
Nov. 11, 74r.

WM. F. OKEY,
Attorney at Law
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Office over Ketterer & Hoffman's store, N.W.
corner of Public Square. Nov. 11, 74r.

Notary Public.
J. H. UNDERWOOD, having been appointed
Notary Public, and the public generally, that he
is prepared to fill Positions: Blank, adminis-
trate Oaths, take Depositions, acknowledge
Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of
writing.
JOHN JEFFERS, Sealville, Monroe Co., Ohio.
may12, 75r.

S. D. Ford
Has reopened his SILVERSMITH
JEWELRY STORE
IN NEUMANN'S NEW BUILDING,
East of the Public Square, where he has
prepared to repair Clocks, Watches and Jew-
elry. He has a stock of jewelry, on hand
which he is selling at cost. If you want
work done in a workmanlike manner, at fair
rates, give me a call.
may12, 75r.

Ohio Farmers Fire Insurance Com.
LEBOY, OHIO.
Insurance nothing but Farm property. Rates
over that of any other Company doing
business in this county.

Assets, : : : \$900,000
All Loans promptly paid.
JOHN JEFFERS, Sealville, Ohio.
nov12, 75r. Agent for Monroe County.

Harness and Saddle Shop.
H. KESNER informs the citizens of
Woodfield and vicinity that he has
opened a

SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP
In Neumann's building, and will manufacture
harness, saddles, bridles, and all other arti-
cles in his business. That the trade desires
Repairs done on short notice and at fair
rates. Pieces of harness, whips and straps
kept on hand. Call and examine goods and
obtain prices. Goods warranted to be ex-
actly as represented, and repair reasonable.
nov20, 75r.

BANKS.
THE MONROE BANK.
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.
Capital, : : : \$50,000.
L. M. MOORE, Pres. WM. BRADSHAW, V. Pres.
W. G. MOORE, Cashier.

S. L. MOORE, WM. BRADSHAW,
HENRY MILLER, JAMES WATSON,
DAVID ORBY, M. HOFFMAN,
CHRISTIAN WEBER.

Does a General Banking Business.
Interest paid on Special Deposits.
Make collections on all points promptly.
BANKING HOURS FROM 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.
may4, 75r.

NOTICE.
VALUABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.
SARDIS, MONROE CO., O.
I WILL OFFER at private sale the follow-
ing named property: Lot No. 4; lot No. 23
and west half of lot No. 24, with a large
2-story dwelling containing eight rooms, in
good repair, with horse, stable and other
out buildings; good pasture on the premises.
Also, one store house and granary situated on
lot No. 10.
JOS. RICHARDSON.
may5, 81md.

Poetry.

UNDER REVIEW.
A Decoration Day Poem.
BY REV. S. MILLER HAGEMAN, OF PRINCETON.

Oh, white-clad army in silent array!
From the fields where ye fought come forth on
this day!
The winds wait their fragrance to you;
We gather to-day from all parts of our land,
From the tall peaks of Maine to the far Astor
land,
With the flag overhead and with flowers in the
hand,
For the graves of the gray and the blue!

Come hither, oh mother, whose last earthly
joy
Went and long ago with your beautiful boy,
Your brave, handsome darling in blue,
Come hither and think in your doleful heart,
Of the grief of your country your grief is a part;

Aye, think how he fell—as the hot tear-drops
start—
For freedom, for home and for you!
Come hither, oh maiden, who saw't him that
day
Go by with the uniformed troops on his way,
To come back—but, alas, not in blue!

Come hither and think of his cold, dreamless
bed
Of the column they lover for liberty led,
Think how truly the soul of the patriot dead
Is wedded to love and to you!

Come hither, ye comrades, who stood by his
side
On that terrible day in the South when he died
With his face to the foe that he slew.
Come stand once again by that soldier unseen,
As he stood in the battle, your heart's blood
between.

And the Angel of Death, from your bosoms to
sweep
The shaft that had also been for you!
Come hither, my countrymen, come one and
all
Though no orders may sound and no drum-laps
can call
That host of the dead to review
Invisible henchmen in those bowers,
Behind these interment-yards ye once were
and are!

The South gave you bullets, the North gave
you graves
For the fallen of the gray and the blue!

Select Story.
LIVING IT DOWN.

"Did your mother send you on such
an errand as that to me?"
Bernard Reed, a lad about sixteen,
whose coarse, ill-fitting garments ill ac-
corded with the frank, erect bearing
and proud, sensitive face, shrunk from
the cold, stern eyes that were directed
toward him.

"No, sir. She did not know that I
was going to look for work."
Mr. Reed looked keenly at the
frank young man.

"I used to know your mother some
years ago; did she never speak of me?"
"Not that I remember of."
A bitter sneer curled the thin lips.

"How strange! When we used to be
such good friends."
Bernard looked puzzled, evidently
coming to the conclusion that this
strange man was displeased at his mother's
apparent forgetfulness of their old
friendship.

"I remember now hearing mother say
once, as you were riding by, that she
used to know you when you were a poor
boy; that you were rich and prosperous
now, and she hoped happy."
"How very kind in her! Yes, I am
rich and prosperous. There has been
quite a change in our surroundings since
we parted, and she is right. And so you came
on your own responsibility?"

"Yes, sir, I heard that you wanted a
boy in your store, of about my age."
"I should want one a long time be-
fore I employed a son of Albert Reed,
the defaulter!"

The blood suddenly receded from the
face of the horror struck listener, and
then, returning, crimsoned the temples.
"It is not true!"

"Not many men could have gazed un-
moved into those wild, imploring eyes,
which seemed to entreat a denial of a
charge so terrible, but Mr. Reed had
waited patiently on."

"It is true, as you will find, Albert
Reed, your father, was sent to the peni-
tentiary, and but for an act of Execu-
tive clemency, in the last month of his
life, would have died there. Didn't you
know this?"

"No. Nor do I know it now."
"Go ask your mother, boy; she will
tell you that I say is true."
Bernard hardly knew how he found
himself out in the street amid the busy
bustling crowd of the great city. His
brain seemed on fire, and his heart, that
lately beat so high, like lead in his bosom.

His father had died when he was
mere child, but words and circumstan-
ces rushed upon his mind, to which he
had paid little heed at the time, which
aroused fears and suspicions that nearly
maddened him.

In a poor room, in the poorest part
of the city, sat Mrs. Reed, staining her
dress with ever some fine string, from
ling back in her chair with a long, weary
sigh, she glanced up at the clock. It
was considerably past the time for Bern-
ard to return from school. What could
delay him?

Then she remembered what he had
said in the morning when he kissed her
good bye:

"You are working too hard mother;
I must find something to do so as to
help you."
What a good boy he was! How
strong, how brave and hopeful! With
all the sorrows and hardships which
were slowly weighing her down to the
grave, she could not find that her life was
utterly devoid of sunshine while he was
left.

As Mrs. Reed thus mused, hurried,
unsteady footsteps were heard sound-
ing the stairs, so unlike those she was
expecting that she rose, a vague feeling

of alarm at her heart, as Bernard entered,
and advanced directly towards her.
"Mother, Mr. Reed said that my
father was—but no, I cannot name it
Father—my father—could never be so
bad as that!"

Pressing her hand to her side, Mrs.
Reed sank back in her chair.
One glance at the mother's pale face,
and Bernard threw himself upon his
knees and buried his face in her lap.

Mrs. Reed laid her trembling hands
upon that bowed head.
Bernard lifted his face, wet with tears,
to those tender, compassionate eyes.
"He was unjustly accused, mother?
Oh! surely he was innocent?"

More tender and pitiful grew the
voice of the mother.
"My poor, poor boy!"
A pang of compunction smote Bern-
ard's heart as he glanced at the pale,
sorrowing face that bent over him.

"Forgive me, mother; you have suf-
fered much. I know, now, what it is
that has made your life so sorrowful.
But why did you never tell me this?"
"It was your father's wish that you
should be kept in ignorance of it as
long as possible."

A hard, bitter look came over Bern-
ard's face, such as his mother had never
seen there before.
"He knew that I must hear of it, that
it would be cast up at me as it has been
and will continue to be so long as I
live. It was cruel in him to leave me,
his only son, a heritage of shame like
this!"

"Hush, Bernard; you must not speak
of your father thus to me. He paid the
penalty of his sin, for sin it was; nor
would I have you to consider it other-
wise. Though the world scorn and
condemn him, you, his son, and I, his
wife, must cast no reproach upon his
memory. He used money that was not
his, he betrayed the trust reposed in
him. I want you to see the thing that
he did in all its blackness and moral de-
formity. But for him, the poor sinner,
let there be no bitter word, no harsh
judgment, not from our lips, my son—
No man more truly repented, or tried
more earnestly to atone. No woman
ever had a kinder husband. He loved
you, Bernard, and the world scorned
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